Throw cold water on your collor, come go with me
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee
Where Mistris *Anne Page* is feasting at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear her cried game: sed I well bully
Doct. Begar excellent vel: and if you speake pour moy, I shall procure you de guests of all de gentlemē mon patients. I be-gar I fall.
Host. For the which Ile be thine aduersary
To Mistris *Anne Page*: Sed I well?
Doct. I be-gar, excellent.
Host. Let vs wag then.
Doct. Alon, alon, alon.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. I pray you do so much as see if you can espy
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.
Sim. I will sir.
Sir Hu. Iesh u ples me, how my hart trobes & trobes
And then she made him bedes of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riuers. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swels more and more. Me-thinks I can cry
Very well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To shallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.
Sim. Sir, here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,
Comming hither as fast as they can.
Sir Hu. Then it is very necessary I put vp my sword,
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter